THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

THE FIRE-SIDE PREACHER.

"Let your moderation appear in all things before all men."

There is no one thing to which all classes of men make a more general profession than moderation; and yet there is no one thing that is more generally unattended to. The politician is one of the most clamorous bawlers for moderation in the world. He declaims with warmth and virulence against all measures and all party but his own, and while he freely and without hesitation cousigns his opponents to confusion and disgrace, and sincerely wishes they may be involved in the ruin he thinks they merit, he wraps himself up in the imaginary consciousness of his being a *very moderate man.*

In my occasional excursions to town I have been often amused with the claims of the ladies to moderation; particularly in the article of dress. It is but rarely I mingle in their society, and when I do, have frequent occasion to display the cynic in my animadversions on their fashions. It is true I am only laughed at for my sentiments, which they declare are quite out of date, and am told that the trains I see sweepingacross the pavements and the sleeves I can scarcely see at all, are quite in moderation. If on a damp evening I chance to remonstrate on the scantiness of their clothing, still the old answer is given, and a young lady who is shivering with the chilliness of the weather, and dresses as thin as if she lived under the line, tells me I am a strange old fellow, anddeclares she is very—*very moderate indeed.*

Even in religion which inculcates an universal spirit of moderation, we sometimes see a want of it that is indicative of bigotry; and in that peculiar sect to whose tenets and principles I am most partial, and where an inoffensive life and manners seem generally to prevail, I have discovered at times something that appeared to me like a deviation from this doctrine. I am no friend to works of fiction in a general sense, but for natural and civil history, philosophy and the belles lettres, I have a decided predilection. The perusal of such works will enable us to fill our stations in society with more utility to others, and satisfaction to ourselves, and will but tend to confirm the fundamental principles of religion. Yet to such as these I have heard good men object on the grounds of their diverting the attention from serious subjects: These persons I conceive labour under an error of no little importance, and though I am willing to allow them due credit for their zeal and intentions, I refuse to acknowledge their claims to *moderation.*

When the Editors of the Evening Fire-side, desirous of avoiding every thing that would incline to immorality, exclude from collection such pieces as would excite an interest in the minds of the young and gay, and neglect such extracts as combine amusement with instruction, when they confine their attention to the preservation of letters written by persons eminent for their piety, but possessed of no powers of attraction for any but those who stand least in need of instruction, I am strongly inclined to believe that they also swerve from the line of *moderation.*

From these observations, it may be thought that the Fire-side Preacher has assumed a garb that does not become him, and that in his anxiety to point out to others the paths of moderation, he wanders from them himself. But the last sentiment, as it concerns the Editors, was drawn from the expressed ideas of a preacher of the society before alluded to, and one whose piety is equalled by the soundness of his opinions. Judge then deliberately my reader of the sentiments of the preacher, and in thy decision on his merits—let thy moderation appear in all things thou oughtest to do.

M.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Lines addressed to Youth, encouraging them to watch against the many little snares laid in the spirit of the world: written in a kind of irregular style, by G. C.

He who is call'd, man's subtile enemy,
In diff'rent ways his snares doth lay,
To draw the heedless from the way
Which leads to peace, and true felicity.

His stratagems the pilgrim's path attend,
So those in rich, and poor, and middle life,
Should watchfully maintain the strife,
And diligently keep the first Command:

Read, and consider its divine extent;
How strict, and strong the obligation,
Closely connected with the soul's salvation,
Which little snares stand ready to prevent:

The heedless rich, and the unwatchful poor,
Are each in different ways subjected
To snares; where that command's neglected,
Laid cunningly, to tangle more and more;

"The Lord thy God, above, and over all,
"Almighty maker of this earthly ball!

"Who thee created, and each living thing,
"That runs, or creeps, or swims, or flies,
"The Great, Omnipotent, and wise,
"Who governs all things, as eternal King;

"Him thou shalt love with all thy heart & mind,
"Thy soul and strength shall be inclin'd

"To seek, and serve him in sincerity;"
So from all Satan's snares,
From all unnecessary fears and cares,
He will redeem, and set thee free;
A great and glorious liberty!

Therefore, ye tender youth, give ear,
Each with an open heart to hear,
And let no trifling subjects intervene,
To dim your sight, or slack your care,
But with devoted souls, and minds serene,

Approve this best, and noblest choice,
Devoutly keep this first, and great command,
Establish'd by the Almighty's voice,
With lasting, unabated force, to stand:

Let this but have sufficient place,
It will enrich your poverty,
Clothe gloomy prospects with a diff'rent face,
And light will shine, to let you see,
The righteous poor have an Almighty friend,
Who leads in safety to the journey's end.—

Whose ear is open to the cries
Of all the poor, and to the sighs
Of each contrited, needy soul, whose love
Is fix'd on Him, THE HOLY ONE above:

These, as his lambs, he carries in his arms,
And safely keeps them from all harms;
Tho' haughty rich ones may despise,
And those whom worldly men call wise,
May scoff, and jeer, and call them fools,
Because they follow Sion's rules:

Yet these a firm establishment shall know,
Upon that everlasting rock,
Which boist'rous waves can never shock:
Yea, as green thriving willows they shall grow,
Safe by the sides of gentle streams,
Nurs'd by the animating beams,
Of light and warmth, from the eternal Sun,
Who's justly styl'd, THE HIGH AND HOLY ONE:

Whose habitation's vast eternity!
Where saints, and willing angels at his throne
Prostrated worship; yet doth he
Vouchsafe, (O love unfathomed!) to view
The poor, who with contrited spirits, sue
For grace and mercy to their broken hearts,
He sees, and hears, and willingly imparts,
Divine assistance to each little one;
For all their maladies, a cure,
In all afflictions holy help is sure,
And all their lonely cottages his glory shines upon.

Not so to those whose giddy minds
The God of this world blinds,
And turns their steps into that broader way,
Wherein the proud, and heedless go astray,
From Sion's path of pure simplicity,
To follow lying, cheating vanity:

Where Babylonish trifles supersede
Substantial riches, in the inward part,
And gilded toys defile the heart.
E'en as that temple in the days of old,
(By sinful men, who bought and sold)
Defiled was; though unto holiness decreed.

Or as the Scripture represents that Inn,
Which was so taken up, and stow'd
That he who came to save from sin,
Could not obtain a night's abode,
Until the lowly manger took him in.

These lines to animate, intended are,
To strengthen and encourage you,
Expressive of a tender, anxious care,
That you the path of virtue may pursue;
That no by-way, nor wily snare
May check the growth of holy fear,
And disappoint, or baffle you:

This fear within, should deep be hidden,
That so all tempting fruit forbidden
May be avoided; yea, in little things;
Seeing, and shunning all the wiles
Which of pure truth and innocence, beguiles
And checks the favour of the King of kings:

Who bids his watchful children early take
Those little foxes, which would try to make
In his enclosures, sly and subtle dens,
And nip the budding, tender growth
Of his pure Vine of living truth;
Whose nauseous holes, and foxy scent offends:

He bids, that in his vineyard may
No airy birds have nests, to lay,
Or hatch mischievous eggs; lest they
Should hurt the vintage or should early spoil,
And waste the product of the favour'd soil.

If you, the watchful care we recommend,
Take wisely up, and fervently attend,
Then, as green branches of the living Vine,
You, each may grow, and truly thrive,
Nurs'd by the sap that keeps alive,
And doth a striking lustre cause to shine,
Which, unto others beneficial proves;
Stops all offences; spots and stains removes.

Here in this humble, watchful state,
The rich are kept from growing great,
And the right use of riches, see;
Demanding liberality,
With low, abas'd humility.

Here also poverty's enrich'd; and those
Are often by the Master chose,
Who are of mean, and low degree,
And raised into dignity.
Thus doth the Great Jehovah take
Of rich, and poor; and in his wisdom make,
As chosen vessels for his dear Son's sake:
With Davids these, and Deborahs, may rise,
Victorious over Israel's daring enemies.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Editors,

I transmit you the subjoined, which was met with among the manuscript collections of a friend: I do not know who the author was; but suppose it immaterial to publication, for which it is submitted to you.

G.

A contemplation on viewing the banks of Brandywine.

What a scene for contemplation! how noble! how magnificent to view! to behold from the top of craggy mountains the beautiful prospects which surround: to see thy streams, O Brandywine, flowing beneath my feet! thy fields, thy meadows, all subservient to my view.—With what pleasure do I behold yon little cot that stands at the foot of a neighbouring hill, which appears to be the abode of cheerfulness and serenity.

O Lavinia! why wilt thou look into the bosom of the world for happiness? it is not contained in any of its gilded allurements. Were it in thy power to attain the zenith of wordly grandeur, thou wouldst not be in possession of happiness and contentment. True happiness is not to be found in the pleasures of the ball room, in the honours of the court, nor in the glittering splendour of the palace. No; Lavinia, 'tis far removed from thence. The fewer our wants, the more simple our manners, the more innocent our lives, the more we possess of this inestimable pearl. For contentment and happiness are the genuine offspring of innocence and love; that love which can embrace the whole bulk of mankind, and acknowledge them the endeared children of the one universal parent. Oh cherish it with the most tender affection; watch over its infantile efforts, nurture it in thy bosom, press it to thy heart: it will teach thee the way to contentment; it will lead in the paths of happiness and peace; it will teach thee to know that the humble rural cot is the place where contentment loves to dwell; and, to possess this inestimable blessing is far superior to the honours and caresses of the greatest potentate on earth.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

When in the bosom of the curling wave,
The sun, descending deigns his beams to lave;
When darkness from her throne the world invades,
And wraps all nature in her sable shades;
Forth from her dark abodes the sons of night,
In circling mazes "wheel their drowsy flight;"—
Flit round the cot where simple peasants sleep,
And in the fogs their midnight vigils keep.
Lo! from the sphere where late he brightly shone,
And claim'd the car of fancy as his own,
The meteor SYLPH on rapid wing has fled
To other climes, or mingled with the dead.
While yet a train of sparkling glory shows,
The wild eccentric path the wanderer chose;
Ere yet the splendour of his devious course
Has ceas'd to mark the radiance of its source,
Around the fainting beam an insect train
Seek from his fame extended life to gain;
Flit round the light the meteor left behind,
And with their songs of triumph load the wind.
Vain are their wily insect arts to shed
The blasting mildew on his honour'd head;
Vain are their arts to mar the *stranger's* fame,
Or cast dishonour on his spotless name.
Poor sons of folly! vainly busy throng,
Who weave in earth-form'd looms the exulting song.
Cease to insult his memory and proclaim
At once his glorious triumph, and your shame;
Lest like Ulysses he again should rise;
Unsought, unwish'd for, to your wond'ring eyes;
Impale your insect forms, repress your pride,
And o'er your busy throng the bolt of vengeance guide.

AUTOLICUS.

A Scrap for some corner of the Evening Fireside.

We ought to take care that we do not represent the little failings of others in too unfavourable a point of view. When conscious of imperfection in our own conduct, we are desirous that our friends may look, more to our general good intention, than to such little casual slips which can hardly always be avoided.—Accordingly, as we attend to the good rule of *doing as we would be done by*, we shall ever be ready to grant that indulgence to others which we think necessary for ourselves.

SIMON.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at *distance* hail.
COLLINS.

Those, and those only, who have tasted the bitter cup of affliction, are truly sensible of the great support afforded by a warm hope of a change for the better. I have, in my person, been subject to many trying scenes—I have been beset with ills on every side, which might well forbid the smallest hope for the better, in this life, on any *reasonable* grounds; yet such is the nature of this inmate, this friend in the human breast, that it often, against all probability, opens to our mental sight, the most delicious scenes. In thinking of the following lines, I have often beguiled a tedious hour, when surrounded with ills almost too severe for human nature to bear:—

"Hope shall a sweet assistance lend,
To cheer the rugged thorny way;
The poor's support—the prisoner's friend,
Which bids e'en sorrow's sons be gay:—
E'en now I feel its genial power,
While adverse fortune's frowns I bear;
Which bids me hope for calmer hours,
And drives away the fiend despair."

Hundreds of times, when almost sinking under the fervid rays of a meridian sun, have the above stanzas refreshed me to such a degree, that I have actually felt the same pleasure, as if certain of soon enjoying in reality, those scenes to which the finger of Hope pointed. When suffering the casual ills attendant on the situation of a voluntary exile—when wandering in a strange land, destitute of a place whereon to lay my head, and bare of the means of subsistence—still the soft syren Hope beckoned me on, pointing to a future happiness; and like a bird hopping from spray to spray, still placing dependence on the *next* in view.

"Heaven sends misfortunes, why should we repine?"

has often, by leading me to view the fair side of the picture, and to see the hand from which proceeds both mercies and judgments, raised me above the objects around me, to a view of that happiness which is without alloy.

Let those who are in the habit of arraigning the dispensations of Providence, because not consonant to their own ideas of propriety, reflect, that they are far too weak, wicked, and ignorant, to support, connect, and govern the great chain of events—that many things which are not at present agreeable, we often afterwards *know* to be to our advantage.—Let us not forget that time will cure present troubles, and that a century hence not the least vestige of either our troubles or joys will remain to to the remnant of our race.—Hope of a happy turn in our prospects and enjoyments either here or hereafter, renders us fit for our duty to ourselves and to the community. No one, perhaps, ever lost any thing by Hope—if Hope is but visionary, it has the power of beguiling the time which intervenes between its possession and a casual calamity. Anticipation of evil is borrowing trouble at compound interest, and the fear of that which *may*, or *may not* happen, is often the occasion of ten times the anxiety which ought to exist, admitting the presence of the evil certain.

No one can be ignorant of the pain with which some people are continually in travail, merely, because a possibility exists that evil may come.—And many are to be found, who, under the most unlikely circumstances, yet enjoy a tranquility of mind, unknown to those who are void of a proper dependence upon the great first cause of their existence.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest."
PHILO.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

It appears by a late number of the E. Fire-side, that HERBARIUS has found an advocate worthy of the cause which he espouses, and well calculated to take the part of his friend. Whether the fact is that HERBARIUS is about obtaining a patent for a catholicon, and his redoubtable champion is to dispose of the *Sovereign essence of Hops* on commission, or that the said hero is a sincere admirer of the profound erudition of HERBARIUS, I cannot take upon me to determine. Certain it is, he has engaged in his behalf with an ardor which reflects no small credit on his attachment to his Bostonian friend. He writes in a strain of such fervor and honest indignation as abundantly evinces that

"———————————suum
"Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur."

If the former supposition be correct, I must give him laud for taking up the gauntlet so resolutely; for it is the duty of every one to promote his *own interest*. If he has entered the lists in his defence through pure admiration of the luminous production, I cannot but felicitate HERBARIUS on the acquisition of so useful a friend as he is likely to possess. HERBARIUS may now proceed in his pathological discoveries with the utmost confidence—he may go on to tell us in what manner the hop "dissolves gall stones in the liver," and how it prevents "fermentation" from taking place in the system. Perhaps he may discover that the hop causes a "constagnation" in the gall stones, thereby destroying their "crasis." If he should, no doubt his friend will undertake to corroborate the fact, and "nail't wi'" appropriate quotations. As HERBARIUS has very logically inferred, that because the liquor of hops will "prevent a piece of meat from putrifying in very hot weather, *of course* a beer made of hops will preserve the juices of the body, &c." so he may extend his analogies to a much greater length, and shew us that whatever has the power of preserving dead matter, "*of course*" will also prevent living matter from "putrifying."* If he should chance to be a little absurd, and somewhat ridiculous, his good friend will readily take up his cause, and very scientifically prove by suitable extracts that the doctrine is correct, maugre the "contemptuous sneer of inflated ignorance." HERBARIUS need be under no apprehension of wanting admirers when he advances stale absurdities for new and "useful information;" for his advocate has convinced us of the truth of the saying

"Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire."

The friend of HERBARIUS has given us a delectable morceau on putrefaction; in reading which I endeavoured to preserve my mind "open to information;" and have the satisfaction to inform him that it has considerably diminished the bulk of that "inflated ignorance" which sneered so contemptuously on the "toil" of the "generous labourer in the field of (hop) science." This friend tells us that "*putridity* is allowed to be the product of putrefactive fermentation, and *implies the extinction of life*; but *a putrescent state of the fluids* is a term of frequent occurrence;" and "of course."

* *Note.* As salting and smoking will "prevent a piece of meat from putrifying," I would just suggest upon the above analogical principle, the propriety of a powdering tub and a smoke house as very efficient means in preventing a "fermentation" from taking place in the system. HERBARIUS's friend can no doubt furnish an extract from the Encyclopedia to corroborate my opinion. If so, would it not be advisable for him to try the experiment? as HERBARIUS will certainly be anxious that such a friend should be "*preserved.*"

I suppose he wishes us to understand, is *compatible with life*. Now previous to this elucidation, I had imagined that "putridity" and a "putrescent state" were so nearly akin, that if they were not the same condition, they were at least cousins-german—and "of course" that if "putridity" were incompatible with life, a "putrescent state" must be so likewise. But I am glad I preserved my "mind open to information," until I was "set right." This setting right has, I hope, improved my "breeding"—and I trust the friend of HERBARIUS will see that I have profited by the example of that "true wisdom" which tended so much to his "humility." Although I mentioned in my former essay, that if HERBARIUS had given us the plain facts concerning the hop, he might have rendered a service to his fellow citizens—yet I am beginning to learn now that I ought to have had "humility" enough to have thought favourably of the *whole;* and not ventured to notice the ridiculous absurdities which are lugged into the "information," apparently with the view of displaying a pretended familiarity with science, and which, probably, many readers would receive as correct doctrine. Thus, "Oh, formose puer!" worthy champion of HERBARIUS—thou seest that I am fast imbibing thy "true wisdom"—and in this hopeful condition, I will subscribe myself in all "humility,"

UN PETIT CENSEUR.

Sept. 16th, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Editors,

A theological disquisition on the subject touched by LECTOR in No. 38, I suppose to be improper for the Fire-side. I shall therefore just note, that in forwarding the anecdote alluded to, I left readers to form their own opinions: But LECTOR seems to have understood a drift of similarity and corroboration.—In reply, I will just request him to view the two subjects separately; the first in regard to Friends' principles of peace; and the other concerning a communion with the divine intelligence. In my opinion, the anecdote will not thus appear so "extremely mal-apropos" as he seems to have considered it. For it is not to be supposed that the Admiral was entirely of the same mind with the Quakers, as he intimates he was one of those whom the peaceable dispensation had not reached. I consider his relation as an evidence that he was an enlighted man; and though he had not "enlisted under the banners of the prince of peace," he was favoured with a glimpse of the excellency of the harmony effected by the Gospel.—This, and not inculcation of principle, was my design.

G.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

CONSISTENCY.

TO RUSTICUS.

Have the Printers told us true?
Is my friend enchanted too?
Has the Circe's wily art
Wound a coil around his heart?
RUSTIC! see before thy eyes
How her incantations rise!
Making e'en thyself deride
Occupations erst thy pride.

Pause awhile, my youthful friend,
Backward let thy mem'ry tend.
Mindest thou the spring of life,
When we strove in honest strife
Which should o'er the rest prevail
At the plough, the scythe, or flail?
In the merry harvest field
Which should conquer, which should yield?
Wherefore now those toils deride,
Once thy glory—once thy pride.

RUSTICUS! needst thou be told,
When, shepherd-boys, we penn'd the fold,
How we wander'd, heedless where,
Past reflections to compare;
By the paly lunar beam
Making moral truth the theme;
And from many a canvass'd thought,
This conclusion fairly wrought:
Virtue's bound to no degree,
Honour—not to heraldry;
Who improves life's little span,
Doing all the good he can,
He performs his duty best,
Him bright honour should invest,
Though his nobleness of soul
Be not mark'd at button-hole.
Wherefore now insult our ears
With a set of would-be peers?
Wherefore should a *Rustic* cry
Farmers feel not honour's tie?

RUSTICUS! hast thou forgot,
(Near the wood) the log-built hut
Where our rural games were play'd,
Where our humble tasks were said?
Sure the sage who there instill'd
Lessons with instruction fill'd,
Never taught to twist and strain
Language simple, meaning plain.
From the labyrinth of wo
Did CLEMENS make a blessing flow?
Happy, Rustic, couldst thou too!
But, lest thou *mistake* again,
Listen to a simpler strain:
When, t'indulge CENSORIOUSNESS,
Man resigns his nobleness;
All his energy of mind
To her governance consign'd,
She impels him to pursue
Good delusive held to view:
Till at last he's doom'd to know
'Tis a *labyrinth of wo.*
Fly then, RUSTIC, while thou may,
Fly from her destructive sway.

But, perhaps, my friend I wrong,
To her realm he can't belong.
Printers, is your press to blame?
Or has some one forg'd his name?
Often has a cunning wight
Plotted by his neighbour's light;
And an inkling in my ear
Tells me TOBY twinkles here.

Hail, sir TOBY, noble knight!
In thy sword and spurs so bright;
Self-dubb'd wilt thou reckoned be,
Or has some damsel girded thee?
'Tis not strange thy knightly joy,
Should despise th' unharness'd boy.
Or the splendour of thy armour
Reflect upon the honest farmer!

Would TOBY have about the fount
A topographic fair account?
In my first I should have gi'en it
Since the knight has never seen it:
Yet the school-boy's lesson shows,
Truth from Candour ever flows.
In this never-failing spring
ARIEL dipp'd his slender wing;
And MATILDA's glowing quill
Drew its lustre from the rill;
By its margin ANGUS strays;
There the poets gather bays;
And beside the DRUID's cell
Bubbles up the springing well.
Could thy vision pierce the fog,
Could Sir TOBY leave the bog,
E'en a CANDLE's light would show
Where its crystal streamlets flow.
Much it gave my neighbours joy
When Sir TOBY's piercing eye
"Look'd" my "cranium o'er with care:"
Why thus looks pug among the hair.
Nor did their glee a jot subside
At thought of *cranium clarified.*

Noble sage as well as bard!
Mickle praise be thy reward!
Great we thought that knowing Swiss,
Who, by looking at the phiz,
Told his neighbours with precision
Each one's sense or disposition:
But, to prove that human skill
Wondrous flights is taking still,
Thou hast left him far behind:
Now the various-moving mind
Thou canst construe to the full
Just by looking at *the skull!*

Thou too, wondrous-gifted knight,
Hast the power of second sight!
Deducing thence to certainty
Oblivion spreads her veil for me!

Farmer CLEMENS loves his pale
In the cool, sequester'd vale,
By the wand'ring Brandywine;
Thence his wishes ne'er incline.
When, beside his "chimney nook"
O'er the world he casts a look,
Oft he marvels at the strife
Which embitters human life:
Wonders oft that modest worth
Holds the lowest seat on earth,
Whilst the bustling keep their poise
By their knack of making noise.
But he wonders most to find
Bards to brother-bards unkind!
This to check he left the field:
For this the pen he dar'd to wield.

Now the day has gone to sleep,
To my rustic couch I creep:

Yet before my bed I press on
Listen to a parting lesson:

Henceforth, Tony, wouldst thou be
Clear from *Inconsistency*,
Borrow not a Rustic name
Rustic labours to defame.

CLEMENS.

Hanapath, near Downings-town,
9th Mo. 25th, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

SENTIMENTS ON PROPERTY.

That riches make to themselves wings and fly away, is a fact, which, had we not the authority of scripture for it, would be sufficiently evident from common observation and experience. To acquire property is not so difficult a matter as to keep it —the former may be owing to industry, frugality, enterprize, or good fortune, but the latter surpasses an argus-like vigilance which as it cannot always be supported may sometimes leave an exposed quarter of attack on a side as unforeseen as unexpected. Achilles, though otherwise invulnerable, was yet wounded in the heel. A man who is known to have acquired property may be compared to one who defends a city, menaced with attacks on every side. He must be constantly on the defensive against all the world who desire to obtain his riches; he must know how to repel the smooth and seductive assailant who would allure him by the magic of temptation, as well as the open and daring villain who would rob him with impunity. He must resist offers of apparent advantage, as well as challenges of known hostility. He must often decline the claims of friendship and benevolence, as well as resist the effects of perjury and fraud. Many a man who had successfully opposed the ravages of elements and accidents of markets, the vicissitudes of seasons and hurricanes of war, has yielded at last to securityship for a friend, or endorsing of a note by which his brilliant prospects and life of labour have at once come to nothing.

J. S.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Science I consider under the similitude of a majestic river, which, though rolling sublimely in its course to the ocean, deigns to receive the smallest stream in mixture with, and addition to, its vast accumulated waters. Like the head of a river, science first springs from the rough uncultivated barren; and as the river is composed of numberless tributary streams; so does science progress by means of the many trifling incidents observed accidentally, or found by laborious investigation. Natural philosophy we see in daily progress, and that seems to us as a novelty, which *existed*, though undiscovered, thousands of years ago. After thus premising, I shall endeavour to throw in my mite for the stimulation of others who are more capable of fulfilling the task.

I know not that I ever read any thing concerning the language of brutes, excepting some little sketch in a periodical publication, from which to gain any knowledge, or new ideas on the subject. I have, however, frequently observed transactions by, and between beasts, which I think puts beyond a doubt, the probability that they have a language, or that which is equivalent, by which each is made acquainted with the thoughts and intentions of another of the same species, as well as rational beings are by the most significant articulate sounds which can be uttered. I will just select two facts from many others with which every observing person may be acquainted, which I think impossible to account for upon any other hypothesis.

A number of years ago, when I resided with my father in the country, he made a practice of killing the calf of a certain cow, every spring. The morning after she had calved the fifth time, which happened in the night, we were all called to hunt for the calf, which my father said was hidden, that we might not kill it.—While we were looking for it in the meadow in which the cow was kept, the cow, seemingly to prevent suspicion of the place where she had concealed it, seemed perfectly unconcerned, and lay down near the house, chewing her cud. We spent some hours in searching for it, to no purpose, and I was set to watch the cow. During the whole day no calf appeared, which led us to conjecture it might be carried off by a panther, which report said, inhabited a mountain in the vicinity. Several days passed on, without seeing the calf; but one night, having business from home, upon my return, I saw the calf and cow together. The next morning we once more looked, and found the calf lying almost concealed under the grass of a bog, round which it lay in a coil. When we disturbed it, the cow seemed almost frantic, and showed the greatest anxiety for the preservation of its life, which no one could see, without being led to believe, that reflection on the fate of her former offspring was the reason of her present concealment; and who can doubt the certainty of a direct understanding between the cow and her calf?

Another instance is as follows:—My father had a field of corn contiguous to the house: into which a neighbour's hogs frequently went to regale. But being often driven out by a dog, they finally learned their *cue* so well, that we never caught them near the field in the day time; the corn however diminished daily. By watching, however, during the night, the swine, one by one, following a leader by the signal of a *grunt*, the only noise to be heard among them, marched Indian file into the field of corn—whence however, they were soon routed, and probably never returned, as the corn was now suffered to grow without molestation. Now upon what other principle, than that the power of speech is by the author of nature, conferred upon *all* animate beings, can this be considered? or in what way are we to account for it?

NO PHILOSOPHER.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

From the American Philosophical Transactions.

Description of the Grotto at Swatara, by the Rev. Peter Miller, of Ephrata; communicated by William Barton, Esq.

As the course of my letter now tends this way, I must remind you if ever you should publish a natural history of Pennsylvania, not to consign to oblivion that very curious petrifying cavern, of which, lest you should not have seen it already, I shall give some description.

It is situate on the east side of Swatara, close to the river. Its entrance is very spacious, and there is somewhat of a descent towards the other extremity; insomuch that I suppose the surface of the river is rather higher than the bottom of the cave. The upper part is like an arched roof, of solid lime-stone rock, perhaps twenty feet thick. On entering are found many apartments, some of them very high, like the choir of a church. There is, as it were, a continual rain within the cave, for the water drops incessantly from the roof upon the floor; by which, and the water petrifying as it falls, pillars are gradually formed to support the roof. I saw this cave about thirty years ago, and observed above ten such pillars, each six inches in diameter, and six feet high; all so

ranged, that the place inclosed by them resembled a sanctuary in a Roman church: and I can assure you, that no royal throne ever exhibited more grandeur, than the delightful prospect of this *lusus naturæ*. Satisfied with the view of this, we discovered the resemblances of several monuments, incorporated into the walls, as if the bodies of departed heroes were there deposited. Our guide then conducted us to a place, where, he said, hung the bell; this is a piece of stone issuing out of the roof, which when struck, sounds like a bell.

Some of the stalactites are of a colour like sugar-candy, and others resemble loaf sugar; but it is a pity that their beauty is now almost destroyed by the country people. The water, as it falls, runs down the declivity; and it is both wholesome and pleasant to drink, when it has discharged its petrifying matter. It is remarkable that we found several holes at the bottom of the cave, going down perpendicularly, perhaps into the abyss, which renders it dangerous to be without a light. At the end of the cave there is a pretty run, which takes its course through part of it, and then loses itself among the rocks: Here is also its exit, by an aperture which is very narrow. Through this the vapours continually pass outwards, with a strong current of air; and, at night, these vapours ascending resemble a great furnace.—Part of these vapours and fogs appear on ascending, to be condensed at the head of this great alembic, and the more volatile parts to be carried off, through the aperture communicating with the exterior air before mentioned, by the force of the air in its passage.

I beg pardon for having troubled you with such a long detail. It appears strange to me that none of our philosophers have hitherto published a true account of this remarkable grotto.

From the Columbian Magazine.

During the last winter, I supped at an old gentleman's in this city; and as soon as supper was over, and the bottle and glasses were placed on the table, I observed my hosts countenance to clear up of a sudden, and display a great deal of unusual pleasure. While I was considering what should be the cause, he with much gaiety tapped me on the shoulder, and in the following very friendly manner broke silence:—"Dear sir, says he, there's a fire!—did you ever see a finer in all your life?"—Never indeed, answered I; 'tis as charming hickory as ever I saw.—"Hickory, sir!" replied he angrily;" "yes, the hickory is well enough; but I am sure, sir, were the hickory never so good, if it were not well put together, you could never see such a fire!

Upon my finding out how much the gentleman valued himself for making a fire cleverly, I was resolved not to incur his displeasure for want of giving him all due praise for so excellent and illustrious a qualification: for I wisely considered, a neglect of this nature might have lost me many a good meal's meat before the year went about. And I do therefore now, from my own experience inform the world of this most useful and important piece of knowledge, videlicet: That every person who would be well received in another man's house, must first be fully apprised of whatsoever the gentleman of the mansion seemed most to esteem himself upon, or is more than ordinarily captivated with.

Upon this consideration, for the improvement of my carcase, I very prudently launched into a profound admiration at the worthy gentleman's ingenious manner of composing a fire. From thence I took an occasion to expatiate on art in general, shewing, that Nature without her is a mere fool, a very ideot.—And hence I accounted why all of that denomination are called *Naturals*. By this method I soon reinstated myself in the gentleman's good opinion; and went home with an unlimited invitation to dinner as often as I think proper.

As soon as I had retired to my own lodgings, where, in that cold season of the year, I always find a good fire when I come home at night, it was almost impossible for me to avoid calling to mind the entertainment I had met with abroad. This naturally led me into an animadversion on the different and opposite affections by which we find the greatest part of the world to be guided. Some men's appetites are directed by ambition; an unbridled lust after power and dominion: men, who, to attain their ends, would not even be ashamed to avow the most iniquitous scheme, not excepting that of joining the arch rebel, Shays. Some pride themselves in accumulating riches, which among poor people goes under the name of avarice. Some look big with the pleasing reflection of being inmates in great families, though at the expense of their honour and independency; whilst others triumph in the glorious imagination of being able to excel the rest of their neighbours in making a hickory fire.

There is scarce a man living but has some particular foible, some distinguishing inclination, differing from all the world besides; and by which any of us may as well be known, as by the different shapes of our bodies, or the varying features of our faces. The moral of all I have been saying, is, that as every man alive has a desire of being known to excel in some one thing or other, the only method of becoming justly amiable, is to direct our views to matters of intrinsic and durable value, and such as are truly worthy of honest men and christians.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

D. Q.

From the Miscellany.

MR. ORAM,

The account given of the *Fountain* and *Dropping Trees*, in your last Miscellany, has induced me to offer you an extract taken from a manuscript, which I have seen, of a gentleman who resided near the great cypress swamp, which lies in the states of Delaware and Maryland.

As it is not too late to make inquiry of persons who resided near the cypress swamp in 1778-79, &c. I wish the following account of the *Raining-Tree* to be published; and, at the same time, solicit the favour of correct information respecting this wonderful phenomenon.

LINNÆUS.

RAINING-TREE.

"In September, 1778, an exceeding dry time, as my son was coming out of the cypress swamp,* he discovered a *raining-tree*. His account led me immediately to examine it, which I found literally true. In order to establish such an uncommon fact, I invited several persons of good sense and veracity to be witness of this singular phenomenon, among whom were General Dagworthy, his lady, &c. During all the time it rained the weather was very dry; the mercury in the barometer stood higher than I had observed it for two months before; and there were few clouds to be seen. The drops were very small, and shot out beyond the branches of the tree. It afford-

* In Dagsbury hundred, Sussex county, state of Delaware.

nd one continual shower of fine rain for three weeks, and then left off till Sept. 1779, when it began again and rained nearly as long as before. In 1780, though I visited it often, I could never find it raining; which led me to conclude, as the tree shewed evident symptoms of decay, that it would rain no more; but in September, 1781, it began again, but did not continue to rain for more than two weeks. In August, 1782, it was scorched by the great fire in the cypress swamp, since which time it has not rained at all. The tree that possesses this singular property is an old black gum, about 2 feet diameter, and full 60 feet high. It stands on the fast land, about 200 yards from the cedar swamp, and there is a water-hole near it that is seldom dry. The drops tasted like rain water. It is not difficult to conceive, that this tree may have an extraordinary power to pump up the juices or sap from its root, in greater abundance than will assimilate; but how, or in what manner, it is projected with such force from thence, is utterly beyond my philosophy to account for."

J. J.

AN UNCOMMON ACTION OF A DOG.

At the seat of the late Earl of Litchfield (says an author of reputation,) three miles from Blenheim, there is a portrait in the dining-room of Sir Henry Lee, by Johnston, with that of a mastiff dog which saved his life. It seems a servant had formed the design of assassinating his master and robbing the house; but the night he had fixed on, the dog, which had never been much noticed by Sir Henry, for the first time followed him up stairs, got under his bed, and could not be got from thence by either master or man: in the dead of night, the same servant entered the room to execute his horrid design; but was instantly seized by the dog, and being secured, confessed his intentions. There are ten quaint lines in one corner of the picture, which conclude thus:

> But in my dog, whereof I made no store,
> I find more love than those I trusted more.

Upon what hypothesis can we account for a degree of foresight and penetration such as this? Or will it be suggested, as a solution of the difficulty, that a dog may possibly become capable in great measure of understanding human discourse, and of reasoning and acting accordingly; and that, in the present instance, the villain had either uttered his design in soliloquy, or imparted it to an accomplice, in the hearing of the animal?

[*Christian's Mag.*]

THE SPIDER.

The spider, of all the domestic insects, has hitherto been most generally abhorred, owing partly to its hideous form, and partly to the idea of its being poisonous. A discovery was, however, made some years ago, by Mr. Quatremere d'Isjonval, adjutant-general to General Pichegru, that this insect is not so useless as it is generally thought. It is generally known, that the state of the atmosphere has a visible effect upon certain animals, and that for instance cats, dogs, frogs, hogs, &c. have a very strong presentiment of every change which is preparing in it. The above-mentioned gentleman has discovered that the spider possesses this quality in a more eminent degree than all other animals.

The spider, says Mr. Q. d'Isjonval, is a more unerring indicator of impending changes in the atmosphere than the best barometer. These insects have two different ways of weaving their webs, by which we can know what weather we are to have. When the weather inclines to turn rainy or windy, they make the principal threads, which are the foundation as it were, of their whole web, very short, and rather thick; whereas they spin them much longer when fine and warm weather is to be expected. Thence it appears clearly that the spiders have not only a near but also a distant presentiment of the changes which are preparing in the air. The barometer foretells the state of the weather with certainty only for about twenty-four hours, whereas we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fourteen days, when the spider makes the principal threads of its web long. It is obvious how important the consequences of this infallible indication of the state of the weather must be in many instances, particularly with regard to the operations of agriculture; for which reason it has been frequently lamented, that the best barometers, hydrometers, thermometers, and eudiometers, are principally in the hands of the consumers, and very rarely in those of the planters, of the harvest. How fortunate is it, therefore, that provident Nature, amongst other gifts, also has bestowed upon the cultivator of the country such a cheap instrument, upon the sensibility and infallibility of which, with regard to the impending changes in the atmosphere, he can rely! The barometers are frequently very fallible guides, particularly when they point to settled weather; whereas the work of the spider never fails to give the most certain information. This insect, which is one of the most economical animals, does not go to work, nor expends such a great length of threads, which it draws out of its body, before the most perfect equilibrium of all the constituent parts of the air indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be made in vain. Let the weather be ever so bad, we may conclude with certainty that it will not last long, and soon change for settled fair, when we see the spider repair the damages which his web has received. Those who will take the trouble to watch the operations of this useful insect, will be convinced, by experience, that Mr. Q. d'Isjonval deserves the thanks of his cotemporaries for the communication of his important discovery, and, in future, shew more indulgence to this object of almost general abhorrence than they have done hitherto.

GEOGRAPHY.

If to enlighten and enlarge the human mind, to remove the shades of ignorance, and open fresh avenues of knowledge, be the chief ends of science, none, in my opinion, embraces a wider circle, and offers a more extensive combination of those desirable objects than geography.

Even its fundamental principles are of the greatest utility in the daily avocations of life. To be well acquainted with the general divisions of land and water; the sub-divisions of empires, kingdoms, and states; the names of places and their respective situations, is a branch of knowledge which it is impossible to want without the self-conviction of the grossest ignorance and inattention. But this is one of the least important provinces of geography. Our acquisitions so far, are solely those of memory: the judgment lies dormant, and fancy slumbers.

But when, from an acquaintance with the names and terms of art, we wish to rise to sublime contemplations: when we consider the earth as peopled with various nations, and acquire an insight into their religion, manners, government, and pursuits; then Geography assumes a most attractive form, and fills the mind with ideas worthy of itself.

If we regard this science only as an useful auxiliary to trade, it is no insignificant acquisition. To be acquainted with the natural and artificial productions of countries, the manufactures, exports, and imports, is an important consideration. But the student must not stop here:—he must enlarge his conceptions by comparative researches into men and manners; he must trace the origin and influence of laws, the effects of civilization, and modes of life, through all their obliquities and variety of shades; and, while he indulges in those wide speculations, he may, from what is good, deduce maxims to regulate his own conduct, or to enlighten others; from what is bad, he may learn to avoid the the errors that human frailty, aided by prejudice, has so abundantly disseminated over the globe, and pity where he cannot admire.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.—A letter, from Captain Williams, at Leghorn, to the Editor of the Salem Gazette, gives the following particulars of the bloody scenes at Algiers.

"*Leghorn, July* 8.—Yesterday arrived here an Imperial brig, in 5 days from Algiers. She informs, that the country was in dreadful confusion—that the Bedouin Arabs, said to be headed by a Frenchman, had revolted and marched towards Algiers—that the Dey on their approach, detached 7000 troops to attack them, but that these, after a desperate battle, were defeated, and cut off to a man, that the Arabs then rush-to the city, which they successfully attacked, and had taken a principal fort, that another attempt had been made to assassinate the Dey, he received several stabs, and is said to be mortally wounded, that he had cut off, 400 of the richest Jews heads, and that the bloody work was still going on when the vessel left the place. There were at this time three vessels at Algiers, a Ragusan, an Imperialist, and a Swede, who all cut their cables, and run away from the port permitting as many Jews to come as could get on board—The brig that has now arrived has 100 on board, and it is expected the Swede has at least 200 more—such is the news at Leghorn."

"In consequence of intelligence received by the British government, of the embarcation of large bodies of troops in Holland, of a fleet of men of war being ready to sail from thence, and of the increased preparations of the French at Boulogne, and its neighbourhood, orders have been issued by the commander in chief, to direct the general officers, and inspecting field officers attached to the volunteer corps, to give notice to those, of the possibility of their being speedily called upon for service: and also to suspend all furloughs for working during the harvest till further orders.

A letter from Bermuda to a person in Norfolk, states, that advices have been received from England, which say, that an act of Parliament had passed making Bermuda a free port for admission of salt provisions from the United States, whence the colonies in the W. Indies, are to be supplied.

The number of indigent persons assisted at Paris, by the charitable institutions in the year 12 of the Republic, was 98,793.—The population of Paris is reckoned at 600,000.

The number of Tripoline prisoners in possession of the United States at the conclusion of late peace was 98—American prisoners at Tripoli 311.

Domestic.—The Legislature of Orleans has established a company for the improvement of inland navigation, by canals, &c. The company is to have a capital of 200,000 dollars. After their interest shall exceed fifty per cent. the residue is to be paid into the territorial treasury.

Information has been received, that a body of Chickasaws, headed by Captain Colbert, had made an attack on the Osages, but were cut down by the latter. This warfare in some measure confirms the various accounts hitherto published, relative to the hostile intentions of the Indians, east of the Mississippi, towards the Osage nation. Colbert escaped and has returned home, but Captain Underwood, a distinguished Chief of the Chickasaws, who was well known in the United States as the travelling companion of Captain Lewis, the Agent of Indian Affairs, fell in the conflict.

Natchez. The citizens of this place were recently alarmed by the parting and falling into the Missisippi of a great part of the bank under the Bluff, which carried with it a number of houses.—So little notice was had of its moving, that several lives were nearly involved in the ruins—Providentially, however, no person received injury, except in the loss of considerable property. The scene lasted at intervals for several hours and was truly awful. Had the circumstance occurred in the night, it is highly probable that a number of lives would have been lost. The chasm in the bank appears to be about 300 feet wide, and betwixt 40 and 50 feet deep—a large stream of clear cold water precipitates itself over a gravelly bottom impregnated with ore, through the chasm, into the Mississippi.

Summary of the City Hospital Report.

	Admitted.	Died.	Discharged cured.
21st inst.	9	4	3
22d do. }	13	7	7
23d do. }			
24th do.	12	2	2
25th do.	13	6	3
26th do.	11	6	4
27th do.	14	6	4

Remaining in the hospital 64, of whom 21 are convalescent.

Number of cases of Malignant fever reported to the Board of Health since the 20th inst.

	Southwark.	City.	N. Liberties.
21st inst.	15	1	0
22d do. }	49	9	3
23d do. }			
24th do.	18	7	2
25th do.	11	2	0
26th do.	29	10	2
27th do.	16	2	3

Interments in the different burial grounds of the city and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 20th to the 27th instant.

21st	Adults 19—	Children 3
22d }	33	6
23d }		
24th	23	4
25th	19	4
26th	19	3
27th	23	5
	136	25—total 161.

During one week ending the 21st inst. 66 deaths occurred in the city of New York, 37 of which were with malignant fever.

In Baltimore during one week ending the 22d inst. Adults 14—Children 10—Total 24.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several pieces have been received to which we have not yet affixed a character. These must of course lie over.

Hermias will excuse us, we hope, for declining his prospect of a Millennium; since a description somewhat superior is to be found in the works of the admirable Cowper.

Arcadius possesses neither the simplicity of the golden age, nor the refinement of the nineteenth century. We give him credit for good design, but the execution is bad.

Had A Subscriber been more fond of *lenitives*, his *mode of treatment* might not have met with our disapprobation.

Phimosporus Dr. to Postage 34 cents.

Since our last correspondence, several pieces have been laid aside, without discriminative notes, which we thought unnecessary; as they possessed a uniform character of unfitness.

In consequence of the present deranged state of our City occasioned by the prevailing fever, it is thought proper to suspend the publication of the Evening Fire-side for a few weeks. In the mean time whatever communications we may be favoured with will not be neglected.

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